





# Table Of Contents

- 1. [\[Translation\] PSYCHO-PASS/ZERO: Monster With No Name 1/1](#)
- 2. [\[Translation\] PSYCHO-PASS/ZERO: Monster With No Name 1/2](#)
- 3. [\[Translation\] PSYCHO-PASS/ZERO: Monster With No Name 1/3](#)

# [Translation] PSYCHO-PASS/ZERO: Monster With No Name 1/1

[Noitamina's official website](#) has released some previews on the new PSYCHO-PASS novel which will be out this spring. The novel is named *Monster With No Name* and is a different book than the one released on Feb 4th.

Thanks to [Irregulars](#) who has kindly translated this to Thai (and [Taiki-Taiki](#) for the Thai edit), I have gotten my hand on the script and - with her permission - translated it for sharing in English.

The story is set 3 years prior to the anime. Sasayama was alive and they would be investigating specimen case which caused Shinya to get demoted to an Enforcer.

1,804 words of translation on Chapter 1/1 can be found under cut. <3

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## PSYCHO-PASS/ZERO

### Monster With No Name

#### Chapter 1

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“I friggin’ love women I’ve become a damn latent criminal.”

This is the catchphrase of Enforcer Sasayama Mitsuru.

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#### Chapter 1

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One night, Inspector Kougami Shinya and Enforcer Sasayama Mitsuru were silently glaring at each other in the MWPSB team 1 office room with giant fans

constantly making buzzing noise. Correctly speaking, it was only Kougami that was glaring.

“Hey”

Why was the sound coming out sound so damn pitiful? Kougami couldn't help grumbling inwardly to himself as his feeble sound was swallowed by giant fans - never to reach Sasayama.

“What you did was a severe breaking of the rule.” It was as if his voice faded as immediate as it left his mouth - being drained into the fans. Kougami sighed and looked up at the ceiling.

How many times did he have to do this?

Even though he was angry, the anger that should be smoldering seemed to be fading and he himself felt strangely apathetic. The light from the fluorescent tubes now seemed like a perfect background effect for this very stage of play.

The obligation of an Inspector was to control and manage the operation of Enforcers to complete a mission.

Just after being assigned into MWPSB, Kougami had been taught so at the training place for new officers. Yes, he had been taught so...

But this man in front of him had never followed his order even once. Wait. There probably was a once. But most of the time, he didn't. And it had been almost five and a half years that Kougami had to put up with a headache with this difference between the ideal and the reality.

Kougami was furious at Sibyl for prescribing 'Sasayama Mitsuru as fitting to work as an Enforcer'. He sighed for the uptempth time of the day.

Sibyl System was a system that looked after the welfare of the citizens for the lifetime under the control of the department.

The misery of humans being put in a complicated situation of choosing was now only the thing left in old literature. In a world in which Sibyl was controlling, everyone had a quality appropriate for something which was necessary to the society structure and could not be cut off just like the phrase 'The able do what they should do. This is the value of Sibyl to humanity.'

Of course this included the man who was now yawning in front of Kougami.

“Well...Kougami, how about you towel your hair first?”

Sasayama said, paying no attention to Kougami’s problem before handing him a towel.

In this city with such high level of precipitation, a lot of people had to face rain without expecting. And it was like that for that day for Kougami when he had gone out for the mission, leaving his black hair now very wet.

Kougami glanced at his opponent who was showing a kindness then nodded just so the other didn’t know that he was upset and reached for the towel. All of a sudden, he stopped.

The towel that was handed to him was dirty and crumpled. It gave off a very bad smell. And there was this ‘Ooyama Onsen Spaland’ print on it.

“Sasayama, where did you get that towel?”

Sibyl of which sensibility had been increasingly developed to better measure human’s mental health ever since the day it was built was now in the stage in which it can measure the probability of a human causing a crime or ‘Crime Coefficient’. This led to separating people with high Crime Coefficient from the society as ‘Latent Criminals’ in order to protect the occurrence of actual crime.

Among these Latent Criminals, some had gone through the process of therapy and become able to go back to the society whereas those with Crime Coefficient over specified average and deemed unable to be healed would have to stay the rest of their lives in therapeutic center. And among these, only those that Sibyl decided had the right qualities would be able to work as Enforcers under strict regulations.

Enforcers did not possess the rights to freely buy personal belongings and certainly they would be unable to spend their holidays in an Onsen. Hence, Kougami felt it was kind of conflicting when the Enforcer handed him that Onsen towel. And even though he knew he wouldn’t get a good answer trying to obtain it from the man, he asked anyway. What made him fire a question was not his responsibility to ‘control the Enforcer’ but more a reaction from having worked with Sasayama for five years.

“I picked it up from Ougishima earlier. Saw it on the floor.”

Kougami sighed, crestfallen at the expected stupid answer. Water droplets on his hair - one droplet, two droplets - fell and seeped along the cold floor of the room.

“Hey, aren’t you wet? Towel quickly.”

“No!”

“Suit yourself.”

Sasayama snatched the towel back and used it on his own hair without feeling a little bit sad of such strong rejection. And Kougami became even more upset when the droplets of water got thrown off at him from Sasayama’s fervent toweling.

“Don’t just pick up random things from the mission!”

“And when do I pick it? On days off? In the empty dorm? Will there be something good dropped there?”

“It’s not about that...! I mean don’t do anything as you like on a mission! And if you have to know...”

There was a problem that had to be mentioned first before the one about the mission.

“Isn’t it dirty? Why the hell are you using a random dirty towel you picked from a deserted place on your hair!?”

Kougami asked as he thought of the landscape of Ougishima. The largest deserted area in the country that they had been to earlier that night.

In the time when Japan had still been trading with other nations, the main source of energy had been oil. Ougishima had been an industrial district full of factories of the private sector. But as time passed and Japan stopped international trade, the population sank to 1/10 of that of the most prosperous era, causing demand for bigger production lines to decrease. Their roles then had ended and the place was then recorded as a large deserted area. It was ‘recorded’ because in fact there were still people living in the area. No matter what era, there were those people who were capable of finding the place to hide

themselves. At present, Ougishima became a place for those who couldn't coexist with Sibyl.

The shadow of a giant monster that loomed over the Tokyo Gulf.

The end that was so dirty and dark for those breaking up from society.

The people inhabited there converted the place into something completely different. Lots of air hoses protruded from the structure - missing in some places and connecting to another structure in other places overlapping endlessly - the place was a labyrinth of interconnected penumbra.

Old oil mixed with dust particles left traces of dirt all over the place. Rat carcasses - thin and dry - floated the murky water of strange color that ran along the path.

Vagrants - covered with waste and dirt - lay all over the street.

The place could bring a bad smell to your nostrils by just thinking of it.

'This man is using a towel taken from that place... And he even offered me that towel. Really, Latent Criminal is unbearable,' thought Kougami, feeling again the headache.

"It's not dirty. It doesn't smell bad. Here..."

Kougami yelped, jerking away when Sasayama unexpectedly shoved that towel into his face. The action only got a fit of laughter from the other man.

That irresponsible laughter caused Kougami's already boiling anger to burst. He slammed his fist onto the nearby table and yelled.

"I order you to write a report for today's mission!"

"What?"

"Did you know what you've just done!?"

"A service for the society?"

Tch! After all the huffing, Kougami finally considered whether he was overreacting.

"You are saying that? Letting a criminal with over average Crime Coefficient run away is a service for society?"



“I don’t like shooting women. I...”

Kougami cut in quickly.

“‘I friggin’ love women I’ve become a damn latent criminal,’ right? I’m sick of hearing that.”

All these times, the deserted area had been that other people could not enter. However, in the recent years, they had been more and more voices supporting the demolishing of the area and Ougishima was one of that. But on that night, there had been a clash between the inhabitants and the demolishing hirelings.

Kougami and co had gone to the place to stop the chaos but Sasayama just had to let the Latent Criminal there go. And all of those were women.

Sasayama lay back against the office chair, spinning it around as he looked back at Kougami in an annoying manner and stuck out his tongue.

“Think about it.”

Sasayama sat up before retorting.

“Why do you think they suddenly want to demolish Ougishima? The government has been acting as if it never existed for decades. Therefore, it has become a place to restrict Latent Criminals that we cannot take care of. Let them stay in there and we have no problem. And our department also benefits from that, right?”

Sasayama was right. For MWPSB that was always short of personnels, deserted areas weren’t necessarily places they had to be involve with. Whatever happened was not in their responsibility just like how the department and the government had always treated the deserted areas.

“If we have to get all the damn Latent Criminals in that area, where will we put them in?”

Even though Sasayama was a rude person, he wasn’t mad or stupid. Kougami knew that under those sophisticate eyes, there hid a spark of intelligence.

Kougami was taken aback by that point Sasayama made. Still, he replied;

“That...isn’t what you or I have to think about. I am telling you that letting Latent Criminal run away is the problem. You have robbed them away the

opportunity to get healed and return to the society.”

“Healed and return to the society? Hn...totally a thought from the elite Inspector of MWPSB. What a honorable idea.”

Sasayama sighed in exasperation before taking out his cigarette, lighting it up.

“Want to smoke?”

“I don’t smoke. How many times do I have to tell you that before you can remember it?”

“Ahh, yesss...”

Cigarette smoke drifted aimlessly between the two.

Latent Criminals whose Crime Coefficients were still not too high could still be healed; however, if the Crime Coefficient skyrocketed over a certain point, therapy would then become impossible. And then that Latent Criminal would be locked away from the society, spending the rest of their life in therapeutic center or have to opt for service like the Enforcers.

No matter how idealistic that idea could be, the ending for Latent Criminals was just that.

‘I know that very well. I who myself am a Latent Criminal.’

Sasayama’s silence spoke that.

And then the smoke was drained into the giant fans.

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**To be continued...**

# [Translation] PSYCHO-PASS/ZERO: Monster With No Name 1/2

Part 2 of PP-Zero preview translation.

Part 1 can be founded [here](#).

Japanese-Thai translation: [Irregulars](#) (edited by [Taiki-Taiki](#))

Thai-English translation: Chesiere Cat aka hiyuura (xnightrainx)

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## PSYCHO-PASS/ZERO

### Monster With No Name

#### Chapter 1

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“If there’s no business, can I leave?”

Kirino Tohko spoke up while watching the two men glare at each other.

Cold.

These men in front of her kept arguing without caring to give a poor girl who was soaked from head to toe any hot drinks or a towel. Her body temperature that was already cold from being out in the cool February wind went down even further with the chilling atmosphere from these two men.

“It’s cold. Can’t you turn the temperature up for air conditioning?”

In this year, Tohko was turning 16 and ever since her birth, no one had ever been this rude to her.

She had studied in Oso Academy which was a popular private school since she was a kid and had been brought up with earnest care among those privileged

girls in her school. Even when she was outside of school, if she wore her sailor school uniform, it was a symbol that meant people should be polite to her.

And look here.

Both her conservative uniform and her thick raven hair that she was so proud of were soaked and clung to her skin... She was in so much a pitiful form that if her strict father saw her, he would cry like a dam has been broken. These two adults didn't seem to be worried about her at all.

She felt this beyond unbearable - both physically and mentally.

And it seemed the short-haired man noticed Tohko was in bad mood. So he turned to talk to her with an amiable smile so different from what she had seen earlier.

"Oh, sorry for leaving you here. This guy is just too stubborn."

From what she had heard from their conversation, the black-haired one was likely the short-haired one's superior. But the short-haired one didn't seem to show him one bit of respect.

The black-haired man shrugged guiltily when Tohko gazed at him in doubt of their relationship.

"Sorry. I will adjust the air condition and request for you a towel."

He said before turning his back on Tohko, talking into the device on his wrist. "Two towel..." One for himself, it seemed.

That was a hologram-creating device that only government officers were allowed to have in possession... Tohko was about to lean over to look at it with the curiosity of knowing whether it was really different from what normal people could have. But she was interrupted by the short-haired man that had leaned himself closer to her.

"Nice school uniform. Oso Academy? For those privileged girls?"

Instead of being surprised by the sudden closeness, she felt more annoyed with the interruption. Tohko glared in displeasure at him without moving away. The short-haired man looked at her in surprise before bursting out laughing.

"What a brave girl."

He said, taking a drag from his cigarette before puffing out smoke.

In this era, someone was still smoking this old thing? This time, Tohko's big eyes went to the cigarette the man was smoking with interest.

"Huh? What? You haven't seen this? Want some?" With that the short-haired man offered the girl his crumpled packet before getting a whack on the head by his superior.

"I contacted your school. Wait here. They are on the way."

Tohko felt even colder now when she heard that from the black-haired man. When the he saw that, he asked:

"Still cold?"

Cold.

And even colder when she thought of the angry expression of that moody female teacher whose wrinkled face would certainly be full of contempt when she said to her "Tohko-san, you again!?"

"Actually...I can go back by myself."

"How can we leave a girl under legal age outside at this hour? Especially if we found her in the deserted area."

The black-haired man told Tohko who was scowling.

"Taking a walk in the deserted area in the middle of the night isn't a praiseworthy hobby. True, at this time, it has no effect on your psycho-pass, but if you keep this up, we don't know how it will turn out."

Tohko frowned, feeling even colder when she felt the target of the man's scolding switched from the short-haired man to her instead.

For a sixteen-year-old girl who was imprisoned in a big prison called all-girl boarding school, was it that wrong to get out for a walk in town just to find a little freedom?

In fact, she knew it was quite extreme for an adolescence to pop up in the largest deserted area in Japan. However, she didn't feel like saying sorry.

Tohko pretended to look away and started curling her shoulder-length hair.

This attitude worked best with adults.

If she kept silence, the other would lose his patience eventually. And when she saw that reaction, she would be able to keep her calm naturally. Tohko knew keeping her mental condition better than them and secretly looking down on adults were the right method to cope with things for teenagers.

“Hey, are you listening?”

It seemed the black-haired man was in a complicated situation when he had to face with her attitude as she had expected.

Tohko swished her hair back in satisfaction and secretly sticking out her tongue at him in her mind.

And then she heard the other man who was stifling his laughter from the side.

“Even Kougami cannot win against a high school girl?”

The short-haired man said in amusement, looking at Tohko.

“A well-brought-up girl like you may not know but in this world there are bad people that normal people never suspect of... Like me.”

Tohko screamed and lifted her bag up to hit the man who suddenly looked like he was about to straddle her. But the man easily swatted her and away as if knowing beforehand that she would swing her bag at him. He grabbed her wrists and slammed them onto the table, dragging her body down with them. Her bag opened from the force and the stuff inside fell out.

“Ah...!!!”

“Oh? Too shock to speak. You can be cute to-”

The man’s wrist was twisted and pulled up high, and he was yanked away from Tohko before he could finish his sentence.

“Owowowow!”

“You... behave yourself.”

The black-haired man apologized while still twisting the other man with a bored expression.

“Sorry... I will have to re-educate him.”

What the hell was this?

Tohko couldn't help bursting out laughing when she saw what happened in front of her.

Even when she was soaked all over, was taken in by the police for a scolding (and would likely be scolded again by her female teacher), when things seemed to be so bad... but this thing she saw was so fun it made her forget all those things. Just like what her teacher and her father said: if you locked yourself in an all-girl school that had high security, you would miss the chance to see so many things.

This was why she couldn't stop slipping out to see the world outside.

A face of a certain man entered her mind.

'That person' would unmistakably feel the same as her - if it had been like that, it would have been so good. She wiped away her tears that came from her laughter while thinking so.

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**To be continued...**

# [Translation] PSYCHO-PASS/ZERO: Monster With No Name 1/3

Part 3 of PP-Zero preview translation.

Previous Parts: | [Part 1](#) | [Part 2](#) |

Japanese-Thai translation: [Irregulars](#) (edited by [Taiki-Taiki](#))

Thai-English translation: Chesiere Cat aka hiyuura (xnightrainx)

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## PSYCHO-PASS/ZERO

### Monster With No Name

#### Chapter 1

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Kogami and Sasayama looked at each other after shifting their gazes from Tohko whose expression had been switching in varieties from angry to sulking to laughing since a while ago.

That night, they had found the girl standing in the rain alone in a corner in the deserted area.

She who was wearing a sailor school uniform with neatly pleated skirt and holding a black leather school bag seemed totally out of place from all the dirt and waste in that area.

The image of a rain-soaked body that was illuminated with neon lights of different colors in the deserted area reminded Sasayama of a SF movie that he had watched that he couldn't help but stop to look at her.

The phase 'diamond in the mud' was perhaps a bit old but Sasayama thought it had been appropriate.



Her white skin that could be seen through veils of rain-soaked black hair that plastered on her form had been dyed in colors from the neon lights - blue, red and even yellow - as if they had been reflecting her wavering mind. That had made Sasayama unable to look away from the flashing light.

Even now that the girl was sitting under the stable light inside the bureau, her constantly changing expression still reminded him of an unpolished gem that was full of complicated color.

“All I want to say is you should care for yourself!”

A beautiful gem didn't know how the others saw its radiance.

And it did not know how much its charm could rouse the perceiver into doing something violent.

“Because kids around your age have the tendency to believe too much in themselves. You did think even if something like this did happen, you would be able to find a way out, didn't you?”

Tohko was out of word when he said that to her.

“Listen, at this time, you might think there is nothing in this world you cannot do but what makes you so confident is your ignorance. Nothing is more pitiful than crying because of your own foolishness. This is an advice from an adult. So it cannot be wrong.”

“What the... Acting all high and mighty like that... You are just a latent criminal.”

“Haha...right.”

Sasayama laughed and patted Tohko's head a few times before picking up the girl's scattered stuff on the table.

He picked each colorful piece - suiting for a girl's taste - up one by one. Among those things, there were books and notebooks that were hard to find in this era mingling with electronic devices like tablets or data sticks. It seemed Tohko's school supported analog reminder tools

So this was the reason why it was called a 'renowned conservative institution'. While thinking that, Sasayama's eyes swept across the scattered pieces then his

gaze was caught on an object.

“A single-lens camera...”

Its black body and lens bigger than a man’s fist sat among other pastel-colored objects which were in pink or yellow.

“This is NICHROME D7000! So fucking popular! You use this?”

With that, he lifted the camera up, looking through its viewfinder.

“Oh! The feeling of this weight is right!”

“Hey! Don’t just pick it up as you please!”

Sasayama twisted easily away from Tohko who was trying to get her camera back before re-examining the camera’s parts.

“Is this thing still working? It’s from decades ago? When Japan was still an industrial country.”

Sasayama said, paying no heed to Tohko who was jumping up and down, attempting to get her precious back and...

“Let me see the data.”

And then he ordered his hologram device to project the data without asking for its owner’s permission, resulting in a lot of photos being projected in front of the three of them along with Tohko’s scream.

“How can you open someone else’s files like that!? You are horrible!!”

“Why? There are nude photos?”

“Nude...eh?”

“Then I really have to examine this ♪.”

“Hey, Sasayama...”

Tohko and her friends, places inside her school and the atmosphere during her lunch, among those photos of peaceful daily life, there were also photos of deserted area mingling.

“These...? These were taken tonight?”

Kougami asked when he saw those photos.

“Yes! I thought I could get some interesting photos from the deserted area! Now give me back!”

This time Sasayama asked Tohko whose face was red with anger.

“Interesting photos...? Really?”

“What?”

“Both the focus and lighting this bad would be more of a problem than these photos being not so interesting.”

Tohko’s face became hot and even redder as if it was veiled by a color film when she was told so.

“That...it’s...! I am still learning!!”

The girl who was both angry and ashamed snatched her beloved camera back from Sasayama, causing the holograms to promptly disappear.

There was no privacy in the police’s dictionary? ...Tohko thought while trying to calm her fast-beating heart.

She turned when she heard the sound of a machine and saw a general working drone hold towels silently in front of the glass door. Sasayama walked directly toward it as if he had done nothing earlier and grabbed the towel for the girl.

She calmed down after feeling the fine fabric and the sweet smell of fabric softener. She felt the earlier turmoil fade and her body suddenly felt heavy. And that made her realize her childishness so much that she let out a sigh.

It was childishness like this that lessened that man’s interest in her.

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**To be continued...**